

*Collected
&
Perfect.
J. H. 1790.*

Romes Follies,
Or the Amorous
FRYARS,
A COMEDY.

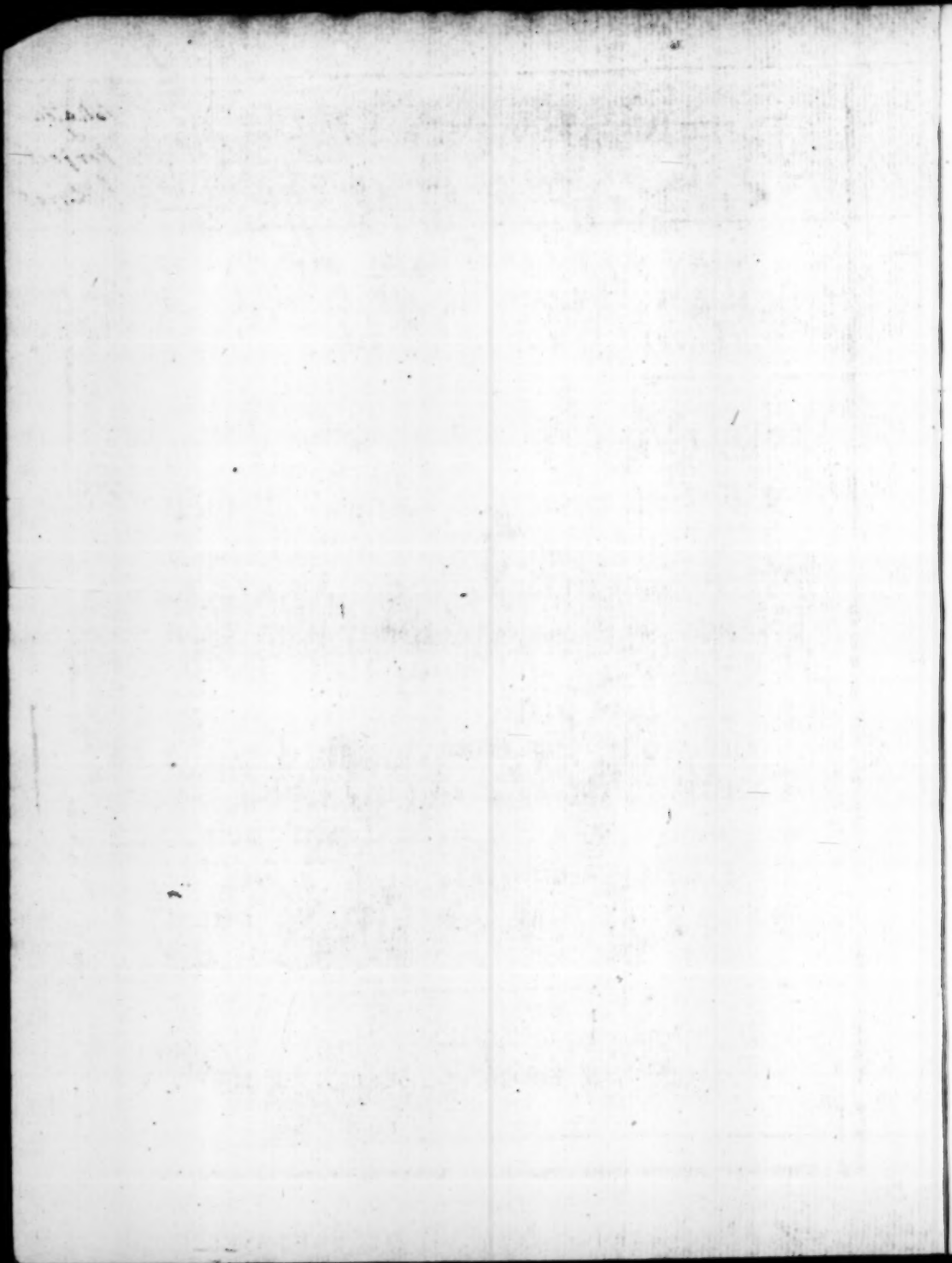
As it was lately Acted at a Person
of Qualitie's HOUSE.

First Edition.



LONDON Printed, for N. Novell, 1681

N. N.



To the Right Honourable, *Anthony Ashley Cooper*, Earl of *Shaftsbury*, Baron *Ashley* of *Wimborn* and *St. Giles*, and *Lord Cooper* of *Pawlet*; and to the Right Honourable *William*, Lord *Howard*, Baron of *Esrick*.

My Lords,

I hath been the humor of most Writers in our Age, to magnify their Patrons so far above the Sphere of Nature, as to make of them more than Demi-Gods; and with those servile glitterings of Flattery have they endeavoured to be for ever cherished in the Breasts of the Great. But my Lords, as it is against my Temper to dip my pen in such fashionable oyl, so am I sensible your virtues need not that varnished Lustre, But Truth needs no Gloss, and She hath taken care to illustrate your worths to the whole Nation. It is She that saith you have ever appeared active
for

The Epistle Dedicatory.

for the publick safety, without the least shadow of any sinister design. It is She that saith it was your wisdoms unravelled the black and damnable Conspiracies of our Enemies against our Gracious King and Government, and prudently endeavoured to defeat those mischiefs which were coming upon us; and for your Recompence, their Revenge Shrowded you in a bewailed Confinement for a time; but now you are freed from that injurious Eclips, and now your Innocencies Triumph again. The hand of Providence hath wonderfully shamed and confounded the Nation's and your Enemies, who may now blush at their Actions, and, holding down their Heads disconsolately, cry out, *the Snare we have laid for others, we are fallen into our selves.* I question not, but these sordid, whymfical and ridiculous Contrivances of theirs, have created many Converts, and that those whose eyes were but half open before, do now see as plain

as the Sun is visible to them at Noon,
that Plots, and no Plots, and Protestant
Plots too, are all but one Hellish, Popish
Plot, however curiously the Roman
Anatomists have endeavoured to dissect
it.

My Lords, it may be thought a great
presumption in me, to offer you a Play
which never run the Risk of an hiss on
either of the Theaters; some will say it
ought not to pass Muster for that very
reason: But my Lords, I can boldly affirm
say that this is not the first Play that
hath been published & not Acted on the
publick Stage. Mr. Dryden's *Fall of Man*
tho' an excellent Poem, yet never ap-
peared there. I could name many more,
shad I not other reasons perhaps more im-
portant, for the non-acting of it at either
of those places, the Subject being not a
little Satyrical against the Romanists,
would very much hinder its taking, and
would be far more difficult to get play'd
than *Cæsar Borgia* was: or if it should
M. M. chance

The Epistle Dedicatory.

chance to have been played, might have found a colder entertainment than *Tegne O Divelly*, The Irish Priest, at the Duke's Theatre, merely for the Subjects sake. The Reasons I have humbly offered your Lordships, will, I hope, gain your approbation in the necessity of its not having been offered to be acted at either of the Houses.

And tho' your Lordships Wisdoms may esteem Plays as no other than pleasing vanities, so judg this not worth your Grave perusals: Yet I will be bold to inform you, that you will find here some Truths, as well as Truthless Fancies. It therefore implores your favourable acceptance, as the Author doth your Pardons, with a Candid Construction of his presumption, who subscribes himself

My Lord,

Your Honour's most humble

and Obedient Servant,

N. N.

The PROLOGUE.

The hard adventure in this giddy age,
 To make a Pope or Fryer grate a Stage.
 When many partial Eyes with Anger stares,
 And Poles are set together by the Ears.
 Fre, this is impious, saith a Popish Sire,
 Thus to abuse a Churches Holy Fryer.
 Thou Cursed Poet, by what Gods Rule,
 Dost thou Religion turn to Ridicule?
 The ready Ancient Doctrine too below,
 Which from the first to th' present Age did flow.
 But saith the Poet then, thou no Divine,
 Clouds muffle up that Sun which once did shine.
 Such Poys' nous Damp of Error deck is round,
 Whose stifling Follies doth the World confound.
 To soyl what's sacred, he's not such an Elf,
 He writes of what hath ridicul'd it self.
 And thus in Comedy he deals, while he,
 Might have depicted Rome in Tragedy.
 With Streams of Blood, running through ev'ry Streets,
 And Bleeding Martyrs at their Murth'ers Feet,
 But that which now will be the pretty Jigg,
 He will, like some of you, be thought a Whigg.
 In Conscience tho, I'll tell him here before ye,
 He's known for neither Papist, Whigg nor Tory.
 Oh monstrous strange cry you, What is he then?
 And what the Devil must we make o' th' Man?
 E'en what you will, he's at your Mercy now,
 And tho you'r Critical some kindness shew.
 He's Plotter also turn'd, have pitty on him,
 If's Plot takes not, the Pope hath near undone him.
 'Tis true, here are no Scenes to Grace our Show,
 No middle Gallery, nor Pitt below.
 What if our Stage thus nakedly appears.
 If not your Eyes, we'll strive to please your Ears.

Men ACTORS.

Marforio. An old Rich Neapolitan Doctor of Physick; in Love with *Florimel*.

Father Turbin. A Lascivious Fryer, but hath the Vogue of Holy; in Love with *Florimel*.

Father Lupin. His Comrade, in Love with *Isabella*.

Senior Ronfard. An Italian old Gentleman, Father to *Florimel*.

The Pope, with Cardinals, Bishops, and other Attendants,

Old Croff, a Jesuit and great Negromancer.

The Ghost of Pope {
Clement the First,
Boniface the Eighth,
Gregory the Third,
Innocent the Third,
Pope Joan.

Women Actors.

Florimel, An Airy young Lady, Daughter to *Ronfard*, Married afterwards to *Marforio*, in Love with *Father Turbin*.

Isabella her woman, in Love with *Father Lupin*.

1. Woman a Neighbour.

2. Woman a Neighbour.

Quiristers, Fryers, Rabble, &c.

Scene, The City of Rome.

Romes.

Rome's Follies,
Or the Amorous
FRYARS,
A Comedy.

A C T the 1st. *Scene a Chamber.*

Enter Florimel and Isabella.

Flor. **B**UT are you in earnest *Isabella*? Do you think that old, impotent Picture of *December* would cloath himself with Blooming Flowers of chearful *May*? Ridiculous Fool! Doth he think that cold, sapless, shrivell'd Age, can agree with the warmth of tender Youth? Marry me? let him Marry a winding-Sheet, that's fitter for him.

Isa. I'm only Tuspicious Madam, for he never sees you at Mass, but he looks on you as if he would eat you: if he chance to be at too great a distance from you, he claps his Spectacles on his Nose; and makes the whole Congregation stare at him, for his staring at you. Come, I believe it must

ROMES POETES.
be a Match at last, tho' a very unequal one; especially if he asks your Father's consent; for you know the old rotten piece of Flesh is Rich, and Riches are tempting.

Flo. You say right in that, my Father not being much beholding to Fortune, I must expect no great matters from him; the old Fo ol's Riches therefore may be the only persuasive Argument to make me consent at last.

Isa. I don't know, were it my case, I should not need much urging.

Flo. But how I'm frighted when I consider, I must be Bedded to Diseases, and clammy Clay: in lieu of tasting the Spicy Varieties of Love. I shall have my Sense of Smelling disturb'd with an infectious, poisonous Air, fuming from his foggy Lungs; in lieu of being charm'd with Harmonious Sounds of Love, I shall have no other entertainment for my Ears, than tedious Coughings, and unwholsome Gruntings all the Night long, and in a Morning, when my Sight should be pleas'd in viewing the gallant Object that entertain'd my Love all night, I shall have the prospect of Death in a Slumber, his bloodless Visage wither'd, and his hollow eyes, distilling Rheume down the furrows of his Face;

*As in a thaw the Snow melts down in Drops
Into the Kennels from the houses tops.*

Isa. Yet were I you, all this I could bear, and patiently too, especially when I consider'd Madam; how greatly my Fortunes would improve by it.

Flo. Nay if I'm importun'd, I'll not be obstinate, tho' I know the ill consequence of such a match in several other respects: horrible. Jealous I'm sure he'll be, for Jealousy, and Old age are inseperable Companions: he'll be peevish too, and perhaps covetous; Judge then what a prospect of mischief I have before my View, If I hazard my self thus. As for his Jealousy perhaps I may give him cause as his im-

impotency may justly deserve.

Ifa. I vow Madam I think you speak but reason; I'm sure Nature never made us women for useles men; but here comes your father.

Enter Ronsard

Rons. Well, how now, how is it with you daughter?

Flor. Just as it is with most Virgins of my years Father, that would know more of the world than we do.

Rons. So, so, very well; you'll never leave your old triks, you are very pert me thinks: what think you of swallowing the vow of Chastity, and liveing in a Monastery? that was my design, once.

Flor. Why, I think I should have liv'd and been holy both together.

Rons. That's, odd indeed, what's your meaning?

Flor. Why, the resemblance of a Nun, shut up in a Monastery makes me appear Holy, and the Vow that I should make would be a sin to countervail with it: for I should tell Nature a lye to her Face: besides my Faith is a little wavering in that particular that our Mother Church enjoins us to beleive; for I can scarce think her Capable of bestowing on us the gift of Chastity; how can she give that Blessing to others which she wants her self?

Rons. Daughter you talk as if you were mad; for heaven sake say no more, we shall have you clap'd into the Inquisition. But to wave this discourse what think you of a Husband now?

Flor. Why, if he be, sound, wind and limb, I think he may doe good Service.

Rons. Yes, that may be, that may be truly. But what think you of a rich Husband that shall raise the honour of our Family?

Flo. What, Father you mean an Husband whose Riches hides all other defects? why I may (not to be ungratefull) endeavour

endeavour to raise the honour of his Family too.

Ross. Well I have an Husband for you: truly he is something stricken in years, but he is a bonny ruff Blade, and he is rich enough; It is *Marforio* the *Neapolitan*-Doctor, he'll come to see you by and by: I charge you to entertain him and encourage him in his Addresses to you; I promise you he is a good Honest, Sober, well-meaning Gentleman.

Isa. The only Character given to most Fools and Cuckolds.

[*Aside.*]

Ross. And he'll love you not with a lascivious hair-brain'd Love, like Giddy, foolish youth, but his love will be solid; and he'll instruct you in the Rudiments of Vertue, he'll teach you sobriety, and wisdom, which affords more solid pleasure, in Love than ever frothy, flashy youth did taste.

Flo. This is the right discourse of all Superannuated Coxcombs, when they are past loving like Vigorous youth; then they exclaim against the true pleasures of love, only, because they want power to taste 'em.

[*Aside.*]

Ross. Well Daughter, I say no more, I say no more; be wise and dutiful, or the frowns of a father will fall heavy upon you: remember what I told you be sure you; behave yor self well before him.

[*Exit Rossard.*]

Flo. Sir, I shall perform my duty; fough! what pleasant Discourse hath here been in praise of gray hairs, and wrinkles, to induce youth to dally with them? I see thy suspicions were not for nothing *Isabella*, for I find he hath been already with my Father, and hath gain'd his Consent, and I believe the old fool will be here shortly to ask mine too.

Isa. He hath trim'd himself up of late like any youthfull spark, which becomes him as a Cardinal's Cap would a Cow, he exerciseth his limbs at a more Nimble rate too, and is indeed mighty modish and spruce; you think you shall be Courted by a piece of cold, living Ice, and I, on the Contrary, fancy he'll meet

meet you like a Will i'th Wisp, all Fire and Flame.

Flo. Yes I believe so too, for I expect all Vapor and no Substance. I believe I shall be forc'd to use other measures when I am yok'd to him.

Isa. Alas he'll ly so lovingly by your side Madam; give you sometimes a snowy kiss; hit you a pat or two on the Cheek, and call you little Rogue, and then make you play with his beard so prettily, that it will be a pleasure to your thoughts ever after.

Flo. You're a fleeing slut; well but 'tis no matter, his Gold will cover me all over with patience to endure the worst: but stay, here he comes: I think.

Enter Marforio.

Mar. Lady your humble servant.

[Smiling]

Flo. Ha! Senior Marforio me thinks you look as if you were growing young again; you are very spruce, and trim.

Mar. Dad I don't look so old, do I *Isabella*? [to *Isabella*.] I'm as sound as a Roach, girl, and I can play at leap-frog now as well as I could at twenty.

Flo. Say you so? me thinks then you grow very odly; you grow contrary to the Course of Nature, all the rest of the World when Age approacheth, grow weak and feeble for want of radical moisture to prop up Nature, but you, you say, grow strong and Vigorous with your age.

Mar. Prop up Nature didst thou say child? my Nature needs no proping up, I thank my Stars: besides, the very sight of thee is enough to prop up my Nature. Let me feel thy Pulse, let me feel thy Pulse. Oh thou'rt a little twinkling Rogue.

[Claps her on the Cheek.]

Flor. You are pleasant, Senior.

Mar. How can I be otherwise? I am come a wooing to you, you little Rogue you, will you deny me? Do but see, I can Leap, and Skip, and Trip and Hop, and Dance, and Prance as nimbly as any Grasshopper.

Tell me d'ye like me or no?

Flor.

Flor. Bless me, what's here, a living Autumn? Nothing but wither'd Follies? Truly, your comely gray Hairs, together with the obliging Humor and Carriage you have to please our Sex with, can do no other than raise in me, and every one, a Reverend Respect for you.

Mar. But I mean, how d'ye like me for a Husband?

Flor. Why, d'ye speak in earnest *Senior*?

Mar. Yes, by'r Lady do I Girl.

Flor. Then I like you as well as Youth can do brisk comely Age, when it shal have the Joyful Diversion to play with Silver Hairs, and to refresh it self in Beds of Snow, when over-heated with the Summers warmth: in fine, I like you well enough, but the Will of my Parents is a Law to me, out of that Track of Obedience, I must not wander.

Mar. Come then if you please, I'll go with you to your Father presently. Oh I could so—but 'tis no matter now, come, come let's go, let's go.

Flor. What tho'to sleepy drowfie Age I'm sold,
Since those Defects are fill'd with Charms of Gold.

[Exeunt.]

Scene a Cloyster.

Enter Father Turbin and Father Lupin.

Tur. Truly brother I do intend to treasure up some thing by this Holy cheat.

Lup. In truth Brother you do very wisely, we must be every one for our selves, for all the Church is our Mother. But indeed have you been at Jerusalem or no?

Tur. No more than thou hast been in purgatory.

Flor.

Lup. Then the Relicks that you brought over and did shew
shew'd to his Holyness are e'en of your own making and
contriveing and was there ever such a Saint as Saint *Allivergot*
gor?

Tar. Of my own making. Why you seem to be very
ignorant, thou fool thou, why all the miracles that are hold
ed upon with such Reverence and Devotion by our Prelates
in the Golden Legend, are meer Shams and Inventive. All
are all those that have been broached ever since the Donation
of *Constantine* to the Popes. And in that there is a slight do, I
for that was the first Plot the Devil and our holy Church in-
vented to make the Papal Chair great and durable. Now I
don't know that ever there was such a Saint, but that's all
one, I hope my arrival is not divulged yet, is it? and is he come?

Lup. No, nobody knows that you are come yet. But pre-
sently, thou hast not been at *Jerusalem* where hast thou been
then?

Tar. I have been at three other filthy places and one dam-
nable, wicked Heretical place. I have been at visit our Lady
of the *Rosario*, our Lady *Del Carmine* and our Lady of *Popolo*.
And I have been among the plagueyest Hermiticks this day in
Christendom. I have been in *England* and I findings don't bear a

Lup. Oh Wonderful! pray how goes our holy religion
forward?

Tar. Forward man! Why the Heriticks have almost broke
it all to pieces, and they have made nothing of cutting off
the Champions of our Church, pray heaven they don't make
his Holyness reel in his Chair, and then 'twould be enough.

Lup. Have you acquainted his Holyness with any parti-
culars?

Tar. Not one word yet, I intend to do it. But I can't for-
bear telling you a passage, that hapned between an heretick
and I at Tavern in *London* with some other Company. I was
telling him Brother, what wonderful miracles were wrought
by my Saint *Allivergot*. and how he was martyr'd for the
truth: I told him too, how Saint *Denis*, after he was beheaded

did most miraculously walk three miles with his head in his hand, and then let it fall: upon which ground Itold him was built a Town that beares his name, three miles distant from Paris.

Eng. Well what said the Heretick to these wonders of our Church?

Thr. Why he was ready to choak himself with laughing; Pish said he (at last when he could speak) these miracles were wrought a great many years ago: but for all their scarcity I can tell you of one in our age, and an English true one; and you know, said he, miracles are not usual among Hereticks. There was a gentleman, said he, was of good quality, who being troubled with a deep melancholy, went into a place called *Sommerfet house*, there strangled himself to death: after he was dead he takes a walk near three miles, a walk almost as long as your *Saint Denis's* and there he runs himself through with his own rapier, and kill'd himself again for spite.

Eng. Mum, not a word more of this, as the learned observes: Sure this Heretick told an Impudent lye.

Thr. No for the rest of the Company confirmed what he said: But come I must get you to help me to put things in a readyness against I dazle the peoples eyes with the Lustre of my Relicks.

*Thus we the giddy world pretend to guide
While in our sleeves its weakness we deride.
And thus what with devotion we expose
Is but to lead the Vulgar by the nose.*

Exeunt

Scene

Or The Amorous Fryer.

Scene a Garden.

Enter Florimel Marfaro and Isabella.

Mar. Come we have done the work now my Duck, my Love, my Chuck, my Lamb, my Honey, my Dear, my—prethee one kifs now you little Rogue you, lo——Dad I am Mighry——Mighty——But Come prethee my Dove we want nothing now but going to the Priest, let's hasten away then.

Flor. I must be guided by the Golden Rule of your Wisdom now Sir,

Let me look upon his Head a little,
Oh ho! He'll become Horns very well.

[Aside.

Mar. Come then, dad I'm all mirth, I'm all mirth.

*Let's guide our eager steps then let us flye,
That I the sooner Loves soft charms may try.*

The End of the First Act

Act The Second

Scene the Vatican at Rome, where is discovered the Pope Seated
in his Throne, a Cardinal in his Scarlet, on the one side of him,
and a Bishop with his Mitre & Surplice on the other, with all the
most Jesuits in a Black Robe kneeling about his side, all in Collar
and about his neck, a little short black hair, with Guards and
other attendants.

Pope. **T**o me are all men subject I to none,
I am Divine tho moulded into flesh:
I'm Heav'n's deputy, to me Kings bow
Emperors implore my favor, and the world
I save, or damn according as I please.
They that to heav'n will climb, must ask me leave:
Without my keyes no Entrance can be had;
Monarchs may thank me if I am so kind
To let'em keep those kingdoms they possess;
And think that I advance their fame if I
Give'm the Title of my servile Page.
To me alone the world obedience owes
All those the honour have to be my slaves
That Adoration to my foot-stool pay;
Had Imy Will I would be greater yet
And far exceed the holy croud of heav'n
In lieu that I to heav'n worship pay
I would make heav'n pay it back to me.

Jes. Most holy father your great pow'r we own,
And tremble when we think what you can do,
Your God-like power over all extends:
A Temp'ral too, as due you likewise claim
Which tho' you have it not as yet intire;
Yet is your Empire and Dominions great
Three hundred miles the Church's state extends
Within the limits of fair Italy.

Spoletos Dutie to is your Just due;
So's *Benevent*, a fair Town in Naples
To Naples kingdom too you lay a claim;
But rather than your Champion you'll offend
The Spaniard, who your cause so long hath fought,
You onely once a year as due receive
A white Mule with a purse about his neck,
Fill'd up with Golden Pistols; and to show,
What they to Heav'n's mighty Vicar ow.

Pope. The Spaniards e're were Zealous in our Cause,
And are true Sons of their indulgent Mother.

Jes. *Sicily, Urban, Parma, Masseran,*
With *Norway*, should pay Homage to your Throne.
England and *Ireland* too, you long have claim'd,
E're since *Pandulpho* in that Land arriv'd,
And came as Legate when King *John* did lay
Th' Imperial Crown as due beneath his Feet.

Pope. My Spiritu'l Power too, them Kingdoms claim;
But name that Cursed stiff-neck'd Land no more;
I'm out of Breath with pouring Curses on't
'Tis that damn'd Land that mortifies me thus,
And turns my Glories into dirt and dregs.
The Saints I've there are few, but full of Zeal;
They'll leave no stone unturn'd to make us great;
They'll Plot, Destroy, and Towns to Ashes turn;
Try to kill Kings, then piously deny it,
And damn their weak Souls with their latest Breath,
With hopes of being Sainted after Death.

Jes.

Jes. 'Tis so, but then the Hereticks rejoyce,
And say there's none but Libertines and Fools
That live and die such mighty Champions,
To People Hell, to please proud *Rome* and you.

Pope. Is then my God-like Power thus debas'd
By sullen Hereticks, the World's foul Scums?
Shall I, whose Breath can darken humane Fate,
Be thus the Scorn of ev'ry saucy worm?
Angels and Saints are pretty things that please
The wiser sort of Fools that pray to Heaven;
But it is fitting for the Churches good
And honour too, my only Mark and Aim;
That first they Pray to me and then to Heav'n.
'Tis I that Heav'n must thank for all its Saints:
I make 'em here, and they receive 'em there,
So the preheminance is due to me,
And Heav'n shall worship'd be at second hand.
But for the Hereticks i'th British Isle,
I'll make 'em know that I at last have power,
To Crush e'm with these circl'd Arms to Air.

Jes. But they are obstinate, and won't be Crush'd.

Pope. Then will I damn and blast 'em with my Breath.
But is your Skill yet ready to perform
What my Commands so lately did enjoyn?
Will not those Airy Beings yet appear?
Sure they grow bold and know not who commands.

Jes. Most Holy Father, yes they shall appear,
And tell you what is done beyond the Moon.
The work is great, and asketh longer time:
The mighty Charm is yet not half wound up.
Besides, they have a tedious way to come
Through Regions, Foggy, Moist, Dry, Warm and Cold.

Pope. How many shall there from the Shades ascend?

Jes. My Negromantick Power shall bring up
Just four, to answer what your Will commands.

Pope.

Pope. Then we will wait till the Charm be compleat;
Let Dili gence the while your Duty show.
But now let's to the Chappel guide our way,
That we a Debt may to Devotion pay.

[Exeunt

Scene a Chamber.

Enter Florimel and Isabella.

Flor. Did not I tell thee *Isabella*, what I should endure by marrying this old Cuff? to be pen'd up thus all day like a mouse in a Trap, to suffer penance thus by an old Clumpish, Peeble Jealous coxcomb, And I must be enjoyn'd fasting forsooth; and to mortify the pride of the flesh as he pretends; here he hath left me Beads, Crucifixes, Prayer-books, and a lusty Cord to scourge my self with, where as I think he ought to undergo the Penance of being well scourg'd himself for his own insufficiencie: and oh that I were to inflict it on him my self, I'd make him skip after another manner than he did when he Court'd me; and then all the Comfort I have is but looking out of that window upon the Cloysters.

Isa. I did not expect it would have been altogether so bad neither, but now you must have patience till the rotten, fleshy building is fall'n.

Flor. I believe his Jealousy will scarce leave him when he's dead.

Isa. You would Joyfully know the Contrary were it so, but he's too old to stay in the world much longer; I wonder what business he hath in it at all, at his years.

Flor. His only business now is to torment me, but I war-

rant you, I'll Conquer him, and engraft the Trophies of my Victory on his head too.

How d'y like the Fryer that's made so famous by his Relicks; he saith his Holyness hath caused them to be newly Registered in the Roman Calendar.

Isa. I like him very well, for he is looked upon as a mighty upright, holy man, I believe he'll be Cannonized for a Saint at his Death: and when he walks the streets how the people flock about to recieve his Blessing and kifs the hem of his Garment?

Flor. He's but young, it's much he should be so much admir'd; it's asigne my husband was extreamly pleased with him, or else he would ne're have had me to Church to hear him preach.

Isa. His Relicks have a strange power they say: for 'tis reported they'll make women breed without the help of their husbands, turn old age into youth, heal Diseases and encrease Love.

Flor. Oh strange! I'm glad my husband hath ordered him to come and Contels me, for I have a good opinion of him; my meaning is I respect him above other Men; he was very obliging to me too, for when he went out of the Church, he saluted me from all the rest of the Ladies.

Isa. Nay then I believe he begins to know that you deserve some respect from him too; And all the time he was preaching I took notice his eye was for the most part stedfastly fix'd upon you.

Flor. If this should encrease now to a Flame?

Isa. It would be but an holy flame, at most.

Flor. For my part I believe the worst of his Actions are pure and holy.

Isa. Ay, ay, so they are; don't holy mother Church tell us we must believe what the Church believes: besides, if the sins of the Flesh do corrupt us, his Absolution cleanseth us again, even as Fire purifies Air.

Flor. You are in the Right.

Isa. I'm sure I am in the Right when I follow the pious rules

rules, of the Church, which give us, maxims to sin, and sanctifies 'um when we've done. I vow I begin to have as good an opinion of father *Lupin* as you have of father *Turbin*.

Flor. Sayst thou so girl? Nay then I have a Plot in my head in which I hope Saint *Venus* will assist me. If she doth, my dry bon'd self shall be prefer'd to his due deserts.

Isa. Truly with a cold icy wither'd body he hath a grave dull Politick head fit for a Satyr's ornament.

Flor. Faith girl my good Nature will make me be so kind to him at last. ha, ha, ha.

Enter Marforio.

Mar. What, laughing? is this the mortification of the flesh? is this deying the devil and all his works? out ye daughter of Satan!

But there is some thing more then ordinary in the wind I'm afraid: I believe the sneering sluts laugh'd at me — [Aside.

Go get you gon into your Closet that's fitter for you than to sit and sneere and mock.

Flor. Why husband can't we be chearful and devout too.

Mar. Not a word, make haste in and follow me.

[Exit Marforio

Flor. Damn'd may she be, nay doubly damn'd that first

For Int'rest wedd'd Age, may she be Curst

With all the Plagues a womans Rage can vent,

And when we Curse, I'm sure they are well meant.

May she be lewd t' excess, proud and yet poor,

May none supply her lust when she'd turn whore.

Then may she pine to death at her ill luck,

Because youth won't and Age her cannot — [you know what

[Exeunt Florimel and Isabella.

Mar.

Marforio Re-enters.

Mar. Apyes take it I don't know what I ail, but I'm horribly tormented in my mind, I cannot be at quiet in the day time, neither can I sleep in the night, for thinking and dreaming of horns, yet I keep her safe enough, there's no body comes near her; And endeavour to mortify her with Devotion, that the members of her body, may not rise up in rebellion against me their Cheif head and Governor, but still for all this 'tis Horns, horns, horns, that won't let me alone. And horns are such things that the very thoughts of 'um do half kill me.

*For tho' they grace the browes that they adorn,
Still they are pointed at by all with Scorn.*

[Exit Marforio.]

Scam

For you are in a more than ordinary manner, more of Policy than Religion in a Bishop's Palace. In a Bishop's Palace, then, this is a more than ordinary manner, more of Policy than Religion in a Bishop's Palace.

But I wonder that you should be so commonly called a Counsellor; and he who is called a Counsellor, should be so commonly called a Counsellor; and he who is called a Counsellor, should be so commonly called a Counsellor.

Scene a Cloyster

Enter Father Turbin and Father Lupin.

Tur. Now my fame begins to spread, now do the common People begin to worship me, and cry me up for holy; and therefore now I begin to fill my coffers and thrive.

Lup. His Holyness encourageth the Cheat too I find.
Tur. What will not his Holyness do for Lucre to advance the Interest of the Church; he shall cause Kings to be deposed and murder'd, Hereticks to be destroyed with the severest Torments, in fine, he shall set all the world together by the ears provided he may make but a pious gain, for himself and his hopeful Nephews.

Lup. Indeed! are they so kind to their Nephews?
Tur. I find you are but a Novice in our Church, or else experience would have made you wiser: our most Holy fathers fancy they give Kings one half of Heaven for you must know that's at their disposing and another half of Earth when they stile 'um their Sons: and the Kings that are true to our cause think they merit the other half of Heaven in most humbly stiling them Father.

Lup. Say you so? me thinks these are very pious things, and tend much to mutual Love and Unity.

Tur. You are mistaken there *Lupin*. therés' more of Policy than Religion in it, as indeed there is in all our principles. Know then that this only serves to enslave Princes to the Grandeur and Loftiness of Heavens most humble Vicar.

Lup. But I wonder that Princes who have commonly wise Counsellors to advise with, should be thus led by the Nose. And I wonder to at another thing, that the Pope should bear a more intire affection to his Nephews then to his Sons the Kings; for my part I should reckon my Children both nearer and dearer to me than my Nephews.

Tur. Our Popes are governed by contrary Maxims, for what ever they scrápe together from the church when they die they leave to their Nephews as their heirs; not affording so much as a small legacy to their Sons; Witness *Pope Urban the Eighth, Innocent the tenth, and Alexander the seventh*; who left above seven Hundred Thousand pistols to his Nephews and only the Title of Son to the poor Emperor who had all his life time been at great charge and trouble in defending him against the Infidels.

Lup. Some People would take this for Ingratitude; but for my part I think Kings and Emperours should believe themselves Rich enough, and Highly Honoured in enjoying only the Title of his Sons, without expectation of any thing else.

Tur. You speak like a True souldier of his Holyness, I commend you. It's a main point of our Religion to procure Riches to the Church, no matter how nor which way: t'other day one comes to me to be absolvd for defiling himself with a goat; I had four Pistols for giving him Absolution: And for one more I would have undertook to procure a dispensation from his Holyness for him to marry the beast.

Lup. Nay I know the Pope hath power: But now let us wave this discourse till another time.

Tur. Ay, ay, let's wave it, let's wave it, I have business of greater concernment in my head; I long to go to Confess Madam Florimel, the time seems tedious.

Lup. Just so it always seems to eager lovers; 'Tis but waiting till the morrow, and by'r Lady I must with you too, for I have a loving desire to be father Confessor to — It's no matter whether I tell you or no.

Tur. You need not keep it so close you mean to *Isabella*; come, come, then we are well enough.

*And that our desires in pleasure may end
Let's make our Religion our Platings befriend.*

The End of The Second Act.

Act

Act the Third.

Scene a Chamber.

Where are discovered *Marforio, Florimel, Isabella, Father Turbin, and Father Lupin.*

Mar. I Know Father *Turbin* you are a Man for a Religious Life, without Spot or Blemish ; and that as you are jogging on towards Heaven with a zealous pace, so you will not think your Pains much, to direct others the same Road : here is my Wife wants some of your holy Instructions whereby she may build a Ground-work by her Edification, to be thoroughly vers'd in the Art of Mortification : I would have you make her Religious and Vertuous, and Holy, and Prudent, and Wise, and Humble, and Meek, and Obedient, that she may mind the Commands of me her Lord and Husband, and not the Kickshaw Vanities of the Flesh.

Tur.

Tur. Heaven doth seem to have moulded our Daughter here, on purpose for Edification Sir: and therefore I don't question but to find her endued with a Religious and Spiritual Sanctity, and what blessing Heaven hath bestowed on me, she shall enjoy her self. I don't doubt but a little private discourse with her may work a soft and gentle impression in her.

Therefore pray Sir do you stand at a distance,

[*To Marforio*

Daughter I must give you the trouble to kneel.

[*She kneels and kisseth the hem of his Garment*

Flor. O pious, most Holy man!

Sir I have obey'd your Commands.

Tur. Daughter we have a saying in Philosophy, that Nature made nothing in vain; all things were made for some use, & if we follow not the Law of Nature when she presseth us to be guided by her rules, we sin both against her and Heaven; for there she recieved Being, and here it is our duty to Cherish her. Beauty the most excellent thing that ever Nature fram'd, Beauty that gives life to the Heavens as well as the Earth, shall she continue among us to be only poorly admired at a distance, as some Nations do the Sun? no, she was made for Love, Love, without which the most illustrious beautyes would shine but meanly, neither could they raise Trophies to illustrate their worth: can you hear the name of Love daughter pronounced by me without a frown?

Flor. Yes Sir I am not so barbarous yet to find any thing in that name so terrible.

Tur. And can your tender breast receive that soft impression d'e think? I speak in a Religious way, for I would by no means have you offend Heaven.

[*Marforio.*

Mar. Well I'll leave you together; pray father Turbin, bring down the Pride of her Flesh a little.

[*Exit Mar.*

Tur.

Tur. I warrant you *Senior*; leave that to me! Come Daughter, indeed I cannot see you kneel any longer!

[*Raiseth her up.*]

Flor. Father I am generally good natur'd; and I know not but I may be capable enough of receiving the holy Flame,

Tur. Well Daughter, you speak like a Saint: if there were not a great deal of Religion in Love, I would not entertain you with this Discourse: But, to go farther can you settle an harmless, innocent Love upon me, and think no more on Age, and Impotence? Beauty, as I said; before, was not made for nothing, much less for insufficient Age, but for the Embraces of Love and Youth. Do not Sin then Daughter thus, against our Hand-maid Nature; employ your blooming Youth to advantage, before Age shall wither those beautiful Features & fill those Veins with Ice, in lieu of Blood. Consider the Religious Advice I give you; here's a Breast fill'd with a Love as warm as the Sun-beams in summer, take it and use it as your own.

Flor. You make me Blush, and I'm overcome; for I vow I can deny you nothing, you are such a pious Man: but I'm considering what measures we must use: you know my old Husband is very Jealous of me, therefore we must go prudently to work; stay — I think I have almost found out a way whereby we may taste the Pleasures of Love without interruption: I'll pretend, very shortly, to fall sick, and then do you leave the rest to me.

Tur. I vow Daughter thou art one of a thousand; thou art a good Heavenly woman: Come, one Kiss the holyness of my Coat claims from you; the Piety of my Order requires another, and the third is due to Love.

[*Kisseth her three times.*]

[*They whisper.*]

Ludic.

Lupin. You see *Isabella* what a sweet and pleasant Concordance there is with Religion and Love, Love which is the Life of Religion; nay the Soul of every individu a thing else; can you swallow this part of our Doctrine? Come I know as thou art a good Christian, thou dost understand the Theory, which if you do, the Practick part will follow of Consequence.

Isa. Ay, but you name a dangerous sort of Love; a Love full of Sin.

Lup. Believe me *Isabella* there can be no sin in the Divinething called Love, the most unsensible things in Nature are subject to that Excellent, and I may say, Religious passion. Doth not the Sun Court his Mistress the Earth with his Glorious smiles, and the Earth again display her content, by her Checker-work and embroydery in her Summer pride? Doth not the Sun again, with the rest of his Glorious Train move continually round for Love of perfection? Nothing without some feeling of Love. Doth not the stone move eagerly to his Center fire upwards? And do not the sportling streams in many pretty *Meanders* glide to the Sea? can these inanimate Beings be inclinable to that Noble passion, and you whom Heaven hath endued with sence and reason be without that very Sense and Reason Heaven hath bestowed on you purposely to know how to Love.

Isa. You plead too well Father *Lupin* to be deny'd, and since it is an harmless passion, I believe I can digest it: But who is it you would have me Love?

Lup. My self that Love you more than our strongest Zealots do heaven. And to Confirm this holy Flame, permit me to seal the Contract on those bloomy rosy leaves your Love-Enchanting Lips. [*kisses her often*]

Isa. Oh I shall die, come no more that's enough for once.

Lup. Thus will I take my Brother *Turbin's* measures.

Isa. And I will follow my Lady *Florimels*.

Lup. Do so, and let Love prosper us.

Tur. Alas 'tis time to part, Fare-well and now,
 Let's not forget what we to Love did ow.
 Another meeting shall our Joye renew,
 And pay that Debt which to our flame is due.

[Exeunt Father Tur. & Father Lup.
 man n^r Florimel and Isabella.]

Flor. So — Now since I have begin to set my engineering brains to work, I'm resolv'd to bring my plottings to perfection: and when all comes to all, 'tis but to pay a debt, my Husband's age and humor claimes. I like the Fryer well enough; he'll serve my Turn — But let me see — when would you advise me to fall sick *Isabella*? for Indeed I must be sick, and very sick too, or else I shall have no opportunity to accomplish my design; besides there's no better way to blind my Husband's eyes and to keep neighbours from having an ill Opinion of me.

Isa. My Master you know was talking of going out of Town to morrow, or next day: I think it would be necessary for you to fall sick a little before he goes.

Flor. You give good Advice, I'll follow it.

*Let's then retire, and hasten to prepare,
 Each thing in Order, for Loves gentle War.*

Scène changeth to a Closter.

Enter Father Turbin, and Father Lupin.

Tur. How d'ye like our Love Intrigue; now is not this better than to say Mass for the deliverance of five thousand Souls out of Purgatory?

Lup.

Lup. It goes forward as we could wish; under the happy Mask of Religion and Zeal; and the Truth on't is, there's no design whatsoever; tho, contriv'd by the very Prince of Hell himself but may find entertainment, as well in the meanest Cloyster as at the *Vatican* in our Holy City of *Rome* here.

Tur. You speak like an understanding Man, I could not think you had gain'd so much experience for the small time you have been in Orders; but to confirm what you say, I'll tell you of a passage wherein I was the chief Actor: It is a Love-Intrigue too; It was in the City of *Riccanati*, not far from our Lady of *Loretto's* Chappel, where I liv'd when I went in Pilgrimage thither: and I was look'd upon (as I am here) to be a very Religious Man.

Lup. Was this in your pretended Return from *Jerusalem* with the supposed Relicks?

Tur. Even so, for I happened to be Father-Confessor to a Lady there, who notwithstanding the violent endeavours of her Husband to the contrary, proved Barren: they were both equally desirous of Children, which made her Husband request her to have recourse to my Prayers: she, in the mean time, with my blessed Assistance used all natural means to obtain this Grace: in short, after two years Prayers with her in private, evident signs of a great Belly appear'd; at which I and the Lady seem'd mightily to rejoyce, possessing the good Husband that it proceeded from a Vow his Wife had made to Saint *Gaesen*, upon which the good man caused a Statue of Silver to be founded, for his Wife to offer to this Saint: and I pleasantly made 'um kneel before the Altar of the Saint, while I gave 'um my Blessing; the rest of the Monks standing at that instant; most Religiously jocund at the Devotion.

Lup. This was certainly your Master-piece. But your speaking of our Lady of *Loretto's* Chappel makes me desire

to understand how it came to be so often removed, that I may know how this Story is contriv'd that hath sham'd so many people : for tho I am in Orders, I could never yet learn the story right.

Tur. Know then that this was our Ladyes habitation in the city of *Nazareth* ; and in the time of Pope *Nicholas*, the fourth it hap'ned to be Miraculously loosned from the foundation and carried away in the Night (by a company of Angels) as far as *Sclavonia*, to a place called *Terfalso*; adjoining to the *Adriatick* Sea ; which was a removeal of more than four thousand miles, at the arrival whereof the Inhabitants, in the morning were wonderfully surpriz'd.

Lup. And in my mind they had a great deal of Reason; for doubtless none but Devils or better Beings could be capable of acting such a Prodigy.

Tur. This house however continu'd there not long ; for the Angels were willing to play the porters once more ; so hoyting it on their shoulders again, away through the air they trudge with it as far as a place called *Ricanati*, where they planted it in a wood adjoining to the Sea : and because it may be the sooner believed we pretend to tell you the day of the month and year that this second removeal hap'ned in which we say to be the tenth of *December* one thousand two hundred ninety four. And tho' the wood was very dark, the Vertue of this Chappel spread a light all over it, brighter than the Sun in Summer, when no clouds casts shadowes from the middle Region.

Lup. I know the same of this Miraculous house is spread all over the world, and the story of it hath gained a considerable belief in most People.

Tur. You speak right, but this was not all ; for the Inhabitants of the place having there Christned this house and given it the name it now bears ; the Angels, for a very good reason thought fit not to let it remain there any longer, because that place being the retreat of a great many

many thieves and murderers that did abuse and molest pilgrims that came thither, they gave it a third removal to the top of a little hill, the ground whereof was divided between two brothers, as their Inheritance, who quarelling one day for who should enjoy the profit of this house, the night following it was carried by the same Angels out of their possession, and planted it in the great Road that goes to the City of *Riscanati*. where it still is, frequented with as much Zeal as *Mahomets* Tomb at *Mecha*, and works more miracles than any other of our Ladyes chapels in the world.

Lup. I Honour his memory that first made this miracle, there's no question but it hath been almost as beneficial to our Clergy as the invention of purgatory, and praying for the dead.

Tur. I'm a fraid I have been too tedious in telling you this story. But come let's not talk now of that, nor praying for the dead; I am for thinking on the liveing *Florimel*, my Lady Saint.

Lup. And *Isabella* mine.

Tur. To keep out care, and dull thoughts to remove Let's gaze upon beauty with eyes full of Love.

[*Exeunt ambo.*]

The Scene changed to a Chamber;

Where is discover'd *Florimel*, in a Night-Dress, as newly rose from Bed with *Isabella*, two women, and *Marforio*.

Flor. Alas it is a strange distemper, I am almost sick to death; I am Sensible of the smart in every Vein.

Mar.

Mar. Nay good Dear wife, oh law! I would not loose my precious Duck, for the world.

Ifa. Nay Sir I fear it the more because all the Arts the Doctors have used cannot discover what the distemper is.

Mar. Nay good Neighbours what shall we do? alas my poor Chick. Nay I beseech you Neighbours, is there no remedy? how dost thou do my Dear Spouse?

Flor. I am well enough to receive the cold impression of a death that will prove unwelcome to me because I must part from thee; I must go to bed again I fear, but pray Heaven I may rise once again to enjoy thy company.

Mar. Oh my poor wife, my poor wife! Neighbours what shall I do what shall I do?

Wo. Truly Neighbour if you would take our advice I believe the only way to save her life will be to Implore the assistance of Saint *Allivergos*.

Wo. Indeed Neighbour I'm of your mind, for nothing can cure her now without a miracle, and to have recourse to that Saints Relicks is the best means I think: for with the help of Heaven, and that holy man father Turbin they have done a wonderful many good things.

Flor. Ah thou blessed Saint, St. *Allivergos* have pity on me or I am undone.

Wo. Did not I tell you so, pray Neighbour cause father Turbin to come and bring his Relicks withhim.

Mar. *Ifabella*, go run, make-haste, quickly, loose no time tell him my wife's dead and hath sent for him to be curd by the help of those Holy Relicks, go be gon I say.

Exit Ifabella,

Wo. Come Neighbour *Florimel* the power of this Holy mans Relicks are great, and I dare secure your health under the vertue of them.

Mar. Say'st thou so Neighbour? dad you have very much reviv'd my heart, dad you have Neighbour, for I would not have my none Pigs nyes dye here, for the Popes Revenue, how dost thou do Chick, hum?

Flor.

Flor. Truly my Dear not well.

Mar. Have patience my Duck and thou shalt recieve ease presently.

Enter Isabella, Father Turbin and Father Lupin, with a little Box wherein the Rellicks are supposed to be unit'd; when they Enter the Box is set on a Table, they all fall upon their knees to it, and Father Turbin Crosseth himself, and Blesseth them by moveing his hand.

All. Your Blessing good Father.

1Wo. Oh! it's a pious man.

2Wo. 'Tis a man of a most devout life and conversation.

[Father Turbin approacheth Florimel]

Tur. Have you a firm and stedfast belief daughter in the Rellicks of this good Saint?

Flor. Alas Father you need not have put that question to me since I am sensible I cannot be cur'd but by their help; and methinks from the first moment of your arrival here, I have al-ready found a Cheerful alteration in me, which none but your Holy presence could have caused.

Tur. Well Dear daughter I find the strength of your faith hath effected this: how ever it will be necessary to begin, by confession, to the end that the soul being purg'd the body may the sooner obtain its pristine health.

2Wo. You say well Father, therefore if my advice may be taken we should leave 'um together, that he may with the greater wisdom dispose of her conscience.

1Wo. My Neighbour here is in the Right, what say you senior *Marforio*?

Mar. Ay so she is, therefore let's disturb 'um as little as we can, and be gone, my Dear, my sweet, my Choice, my precious Sugar-candy, fare well for a day or two, because business calls me into the Country, at my return I hope to find thee as pert as ever thou wert.

Flor.

Flor. Farwell my Love.

Mar. But hark you Father *Turbin*, pray be as careful of disposing her Conscience, as of restoring her health; d'è mind me? for that I love to take considerable care of too, my Chick once more adieu.

Flor. Adieu my Dear.

Both Wo. Well Father, we recommend her to your prayers, and the vertue of those Blessed Relicks, Neighbour Adieu.

[*Exeunt Mar. and the two women manent Turb.*

Lup. Flor. and Isabella.

Tur. Now let me feed on the Heavenly, moisture of thy breath, and gather Roses from the Gardens of thy Cheeks: Now that Religion hath play'd her part let Love, gentle Love, display his soft ravishing treasures to Eager and Intranced Lovers: Now let him revel and surfit as with pleasures: No time so fit as when Lovers private are; let's no advantage loose, nor suffer beauty to be vainly wasted; let's Closely retire to partake of truer pleasures than the guilded flow'ry spring produceth.

Flor. Shames treach'rous livery in my face appears,

Tur. Let nothing cause your blushes nor your fears.

Nought here can tell what that kind blush did mean,

So now we may blush sport, and toy unseen.

[*Exit Tur. and Flor.*

Lup. Now Daughter let us (not to lose our pleasures) to Isabella

Follow my Brothers and your Mistriss Measure.

Let us then eagerly our Footsteps move,

To undisturbed Bowers of Flow'ry Love.

[*Exeunt Lup. and Isabella.*

The end of the third Act.

Act

ACT IV.

SCENE 2. Garden.

Enter Father Turbin and Florinel.

Tur. **H**ark! methinks Love commands us once more to close retirement, where we may again die in the Fields of Love and Beauty, where silent shades shall hide thy blushes, and pleasure dissolve thy fears.

Flor. 'Tis Love must bear the blame, not I, where he prevails, resistance is in vain; when he commands I must submit, to pant under those sweet and bitter pangs he gives me, till I die both with delight and pain.

Tur. Let me conduct thee then where Love shall compleat your wishes and heighten our Bliss, let us every day during your Doctors absence pay what we owe to Love: And while we are preparing to engage in Loves fierce harmless Lits, as a seasoning to our Joys, I have order'd one of our Chappel Eunuches to sing a Song which Love Inspir'd me to write.

*Let Love the wise direct our sense to try
Once more the pleasures of his Victory.*

[*Excunt hand in hand; then a Tune first play'd over on a Recorder, then a voice joyns with it and sings the ensuing Song behind the Scene.*]

F

Song

SONNET

SCENE. Garden.

Since love, youth, and beauty have rais'd the Allarms,
 Go smother each other with lip-melting Charms,
 And make no delay, lest your hopes you deceive,
 A Moment once over, is hard to retrieve,
 Difficult in mist Raptures, like fresh morning Dew,
 And breath Love together, as Turtle Doves Woo.

In Love-painted Meadows go Revel and Play,
 But never
 Give over
 By Night nor by Day,
 O'er his rising Hillocks with cheerfulst mow,
 And pleasantly range in the Valley's of Love,
 That Monarchs may envy the joys which you find,
 Where cares are unknown and where beauty proves kind.

[The Song ended, some body knocks at the door, then enters Isabella, half dress'd and half undress'd, as amaz'd, followed by Father Lupin.]

Isa.

Isa.

Or, The Unwilling Fryars.

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Mor. O! How much I shall be glad to see you done, Madam, rise, rise, yonder's my Master at the door with two or three Neighbours.

Isa. Ah, what shall I do *Isabella*? What shall I do? he will certainly make an Ass of me.

Enter Florinel and Father Turbin.

Tur. Curse upon him, was this obligingly done, to disturb us thus in the midst of our Pleasures?

Flor. Come, we have no time to talk now, *Isabella*, give him the Key of the back Door, and let 'em be gone. Adieu, adieu.

Isa. I'm afraid I shall not do it. I give Turbin the Key. I fancy love so becomely has done, never was Mortal in such fear of losing his Man-hood before, as I was now.

Enter the Two Fryars.

Mor. *Isabella* go let him in, here will I plant my self ready to receive him at his entrance. I'm sure there's no apparent reason for his suspicion hitherto, and truly the practical part of Hypocritism is a fine thorough thing, had it not been for that commendable Vertue, my Husband had mis'd being one of the Dubb'd Brother-hood. But here he comes.

Enter Marfona and Two Women.

Mar. How doth my dear Duck do? I vow Chicken I could not stay from thee any longer, for the life of me,

having left thee sick too; the thoughts of being from thee at such a time hath made me sob and cry my eyes out almost in the Countrey: but Dad I had not left thee at all, but that I had very earnest business indeed. And Gods-fish let me look upon thee a little. Dad he thinks my Chicken looks much better than she did before I went; how hath she prov'd in my absence, *Isabella*?

Isa. Well Sir, she having put her confidence in those Holy Relicks; the Vertues of them were warmly applied to her every day, and have wrought (beyond our expectations) a wonderful Miracle: For she is more than half cured, and is but newly rose from paying a Devout Thanksgiving to the Blessed Saint that Cured her.

Flo. She speaks truth my Love, for it is to that Immortal Saint and that Pious Mortal, Father *Turbin*, I owe my Life and Health; and your dear presence Husband hath indeed added something to of Yorrow. *[Aside.*

We. We seeing your Husbands Arrival at the door Neighbour, could not forbear to Visit you too; and are glad that Heaven and this Saint have been so kind to you.

We. Nay now Neighbour let this be the only Saint you will pray to, for the good he hath done your Wife.

Mar. Well! I'll give Father *Turbin* Three hundred Crowns to be employ'd for this Saints use in the Church: But well Chicken, how is it now? Doth she lie easie and warm *Isabella*? I must satisfie my self in that, and see

Or, The Amorous Fryars.

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see what Bolsters, Pillows, Rugs, Blankets and Bedding she hath, or I shall enjoy no content, come *Isabella*, come you along with me to her Bed-side.

[He looks behind the Scene, and then while Isabella runs hastily to Florinel.]

Isa. Madam we are all undone, Father Turbin in the hurry just now hath left his Breeches on the Bed there, and my Master hath found them.

[Enter Marforio with the Breeches in his hands, he turns them about, and looks on them.]

Mar. What, what have I got here? By'r Lady a piece of Mans Breeches: Is this your private sickly devout life, you female Devil you? Pretend to fall sick to certify your Husband! Very Fine! Tell me whose Breeches these are, or by the Sun, Moon, and Seven Stars, I'll cut off thy Leggs, and stop every Hole about thee.

Flor. How unlucky is this? What shall I say? — Stay, I think my brain hath found out something that may befriend me.

[Aside.] Husband why do you blame me thus without cause?

Mar. By'r Lady the Woman grows Diabollically Impudent. Without cause, quoth she! No the finding your Gallants Breeches upon the Bed is no cause at all, nor no sign that I am a Horned Animal, bear Witness Neighbours.

Flor. Hear me Husband, and I will satisfie you.

Mar.

Mar. May be she repents, and is going to confess the truth, I'll hear her. *[Aside.]*

Flor. You know Husband, that being almost cur'd with so precious a Remedy, that to fall into a relapse would put me into double danger of death, therefore by Father Turbin's advice, I have kept the most powerful part of the Sacred Relick near at hand; upon which I have offer'd up my Devotions every day. These are the very Breeches that Saint Niver wore, when he resided among Mortals. Therefore pray Husband consider what they are, and use 'um more gently.

Mar. Did I'm not perswaded he speaks truth. Well I'll lay 'um down upon this Chair, there they may lie, and cry out to the Wicked, *Non me tangere*; Prudence my Duck excuse my passionate discourse just now, come one Buß and be friends — So.

Flor. How could you be so cruel Love, to injure my Innocence and Fidelity to thee.

Mar. Come my Pigsny lay no more, I was to blame, indeed I was to blame; therefore prithee forgive me but this time.

Fl. I am easily reconciled to so loving an Husband.

Fl. Now will I fly to inform Father Turbin of what is past, and order him to fetch away the Holy Relick, in a solemn Procession, to put the better Gloss upon the matter. *[Aside.]*

[Exit Isabella.]

1. Wo.

1st Wo. Indeed Neighbour you was very much overseen, in being so credulous to believe things contrary to your Wives Vertuous Inclination.

2^d Wo. I dare swear she would neither injure Heaven, nor you, by so sinful and vile an act; she is the truest Pattern of Piety, Modesty, and Vertue, in the whole City of Rome; and I'm sure she loves her Husband as a good Wife should do.

Mar. Poor Creature I am sorry I should be such a Rogue tho: Come my pretty Chick one Bull more, and then we are thorowly Friends again I hope.

Eler. It was but a mistake Honey, and I am ready to forgive thee all.

Mar. Lackaday, what a good Wife have I got Neighbours:

2. Wo. Such Wives are not to be found every where I promise you that, had my Husband serv'd me, as you serv'd her, I'd have made the House too hot to hold the Beast.

Ifa. Yonder's Father Turbin coming in Procession with some more Fryars, to fetch away the Holy Relick, I must lay it on that Table on a White Table Cloth against his Arrival.

[She lays the Breeches in order; then Enters the Procession in this manner: First, One that bears a Cross, then Two Boys in White bearing lighted Tapers in their hands, after them Four Fryars or more, Two by Two; Father Turbin brings up the Rear alone, being entered,

Rome's Father.

He wheels to the Front; bows Three times to the Holy Relick on the Table; the rest imitating him. Enter some Rabble, who Cross themselves and do like the rest.

*All Sing. Sancte Allivergot,
Ora pro nobis.*

After which Father Turbin approacheth the Breeches, takes 'um very Ceremoniously and with a great many Bowings to the Earth, and first brings them to Marfano.

Tur. Here Senior, As you have received benefit by this Holy Relick, so it offers it self first to you, to afford you the Blessing of a Kiss, and by it you gain Pardons and Indulgences, a Pena & Culpa, for Fourscore thousand years.

[He kisseth it on his knees.]

[To Florinel who doth the same.]

Tur. Now it offers it self to you, dear Daughter, by it you gain a perpetual Pardon, it Absolves you from all your Sins, past, present, and to come. To the rest of these good people to whom I likewise present it, it gains 'um Pardons for Twenty years to come.

[They all kiss it on their knees; then Exit the Procession, with the Breeches carried aloft on the Cross; the Rabble singing, &c.]

All

Or, The Amorous Fryars.

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All Sing. *In pace quiercat,*
Sandæ Allivergot
Ora pro Nobis.

1 *Wo.* Well Neighbour Adieu, I wish you all Health,
Happinefs, and long Life.

2. *Wo.* I wish the same to you both.

[*Exeunt the Two Women.*

Flor. Well Hony I'll retire into my Closet to my
Devotion.

Mar. Thou may'st do thy pleasure my Precious.

Flor. I must omit no opportunity of paying a Thank-
giving to this Blessed Saint: Come you along with me
Isabella.

[*Exeunt Flor. and Isab.*

[*Manet Marforio.*

Mar. Dad for all my Wife is such a Vertuous Wo-
man, I can't forbear being jealous yet, she's handome,
and young, and skittish, and wanton, and witty, and
good natur'd, to all which an Old Man being Married
are evident signs that he is, or must be a Cuckold;
did I once know the truth of it, I were out of my pain:
But they say, There are some sorts of Airs strong e-
nough to breed Cuckolds in, and this *Roman* Air is
none of the best, for all it is under the Popes Nose:
Therefore I will prudently watch her hits, in order to
which

-which I caus'd another Key to be privately made to my door, and I think to give out suddenly that I intend to go out of Town, tho I design the contrary.

*Then I shall know if I have cause to be
Troubl'd with this uneasy Jealousie.*

[Exit Marforio.]

The SCENE changeth to a Cloyster.

Enter Father Turbin and Father Lupin.

Tur. The noise of my Religious Life and Coat,
Was falling from the easie crouds belief.
When *Florimel* the Witty and the Fair,
Supported still my tottering State and Fame.

Lup. The Sham past unsuspected.

Tur. ————— Nay she must
Doubtless her Pedigree from Angels fetch,
Her thoughts move in a far more Glorious Sphere,
Then like those shut in this Course Globe of Clay:
This worthy Object still I'll entertain,
And ever keep her in my Breast confin'd,
I'll be her Prisoner and she shall be mine,
And we'll each other tie with Chains of Love,
Ne'r to be loos'ned but by envious Death.
I must once more prepare with eager heat
To meet my Loves close, soft, dear, sweet Embrace,
And from her Lips I'll steal a Cherry Kiss.

Then

Or, The Amorous Fryars.

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Then gently did upon her Snowy Breasts.

Lup. The last bout I'll tell you tho' would have spoild
The good Opinion I had of the Brat.

I thought I should dislike his Bow and Dart.

I like no sower sawce with Loves sweet Viands.

Tur. For Loves sweet sake you all things should endure.

Lup. Not I, unless hee'd let me sport secure.

Tur. At present let's no more of Love discourse;
Our Actions shall do more then all our words.

What is the News at Court now? How's the Pope?

Lu. He swells and frets at an immoderate rate,
That he can't play his Game in Christendome.

And that which aggravates him much the more,

Is one that asketh Counsel from the Stars;

Who hath declared their Influences frown

Upon the Pope and all the Roman State:

That time draws nigh his Holiness must fall,

When he and his shall poorly be forgot,

And none shall more upon his Throne Ascend.

Tur. Then all our Holy Cheats will help no more.
But who is this great Student of the Stars?

Lup. A Stranger, who hath had his just Reward,
For he is in the Inquisition shut.

Tur. Nay then his Holiness dislike'd the News.

I fear his Grandeur in the dust will lie,

When he who proudly did the World dispise,

Shall be more scorn'd then e're he Princes did.

I mourn our Fate should thus be chain'd to his.

Innocent the Third first rais'd the Roman Throne

On Steps above the State of Temporal Crowns.
By his Decree he could Correction give
To all the Christian Princes in the World.

Lup. This very Pow'r the Popes still proudly own.

Tur. Nay more, no Emperor could then be own'd
Ere he had paid Obedience first to him.

Lup. Nay then 'twas time for Princes to beware,
Tho' this great power was no more than Air.
'Tis like the humour o' th' *Tartarian Cham*,
Who having Din'd, commands by Trumpet sound
A Proclamation to be issu'd forth
That other Princes now have leave to Dine.
But Ha! Who's here?

Enter Isabella.

Isa. One glad to see you both, if you will once more
belull'd a sleep with Loves soft gentle
Charms; if you will once more die, [To *Turbin*.
and dying be delighted with so sweet
a Death; follow me. The Old Dotard is gone out of Town
again, and by my Ladies order I am come to fetch you
to her, the last storm is quite blown over now.

Tur. Come let's this precious time not spend in waste,
But wing'd with Love let us move on with haste.

[*Exeunt.*

The

Or, *The Amorous Fryars.*

45.

The SCENE changeth to a Street.

Enter Marforio Solus.

Mar. Now she thinks I am far enough off adad, wherein she is mistaken: and I think I am a Cuckold, and fear I am not mistaken; however I love to pry into the Nature of things, that I may be certified in the truth of the business. I have furnished my self with a Counterfeit Key to find out her Intrigue. If she hath a Gallant, I'll cause both her and him to be put into the Inquisition. I'll take Two Neighbours with me for Witnesses, bring a Gentleman of the White Rod with me, to carry him before his Holiness.

*And e're to morrow pass, or vanish o're,
I'll know if I'm a Cuckold, she a Whore.*

[*Exit Marforio*]

A C T. V.

SCENE a Chamber.

*Enter Marforio, Two Neighbours, with an
Officer of the White Rod.*

Mar. **S**O softly Neighbours, let's not walk too fast, for fear of giving them notice; so, I'll peep into

into her Chamber, and if there be
occasion I'll call you. Oh Horri-
ble! Monstrous!

[Peeps behind the
Scene.

Come Neighbours bear Witness what an undecent
posture they are in. Oh 'tis that Holy Devil *Turbin* that
Cuckolds me thus, yonders the other Fryar a squeez-
ing *Isabella* too: I can't endure this, my House is a
rank Baudy-house, and I the principal Ornament of the
Family.

Rush in Sir, and show the Staff of your Authority,
and be sure Neighbours do you help to secure 'um, for
they may kill me you know.

[Enter the Gentleman of the White Rod first behind
the Scene, followed by the Two Neighbours and
Marforio, some squeeks are heard, then re enters
on the Stage the Two Neighbours having hold of
the Two Fryars, Marforio holding *Isabella* and
the Gentleman of the White Rod *Florimel*.

Flor. Do but hear me Husband.

Mar. No, not I, I think I have caught you and your
Holy Stallion napping together now: Nay you may
hold down your head Father, there's never a Relick
left now to fetch away in Procession:

And you Mrs. *Minks*, that have been my Wives Baud, and your own
Whore all this time, you are silent I see too.

[To *Isabella*.

Isa. Neighbours you are to bear Witness here, how my
Master

Or, *The Amorous Beggars.*

Master hath improv'd his quality, he is one of no mean Rank now, I'll assure you.

Mar. What do you jeer me? you shall have your due, you shall. Come away with 'um to his Holiness, I away with 'um.

*I'll trust no more a Pious outward shape,
That mimiks inwardly the Crafty Ape.*

Exeunt.

*The Scene changeth to the Popes Palace,
where are discovered his Holiness, a Cardinal,
and a Bishop on each side of him in
their Robes, with a Jesuit, and Guards,
and Attendants.*

Pope. All Princes labour to support my State,
And 'tis their duty not to see me fall.
Nay 'th' Great Machine of Heaven, if I fall,
Must all come tumbling down upon its Ruins;
Angels and Saints, and all th' Immortal Powers.
For I alone support and keep 'um up:
'Tis Heav'n's Int'rest then to league with me,
And since my fall would the whole World confound,
Believe it cannot be, poor Star Informer,
Thy skill hath now deceiv'd thee: But yet know
Your

Your Learning I'll encourage, I intend
 To send him as my *Nuncio*, into Heaven,
 To let St. *Peter* know some News from us.
 Let him be Wrack'd to Death, go see it done.
 But what have we here?

[Exit one of the Attendants.

[Enter Marforio, Florimel, Isabella, Turbin, Lupin, Two Neighbours, and the Gentleman of the White Rod.

Mar. May it please your Holiness, I am come to have a very foul business decided before you.

Pope. Speak what it is, that I may Justice do.

Mar. And please your Holiness it was a very foul business. This Devil [To Turbin.
 in the Habit of a Priest, is a greater
 lover of Pleasure than Religion; he hath seduc'd, corrupted, defil'd and abus'd the Body and Bosome of my own dear self.

Pope. Of your own self? Explain it more at large,
 That I may reach your meaning——

Mar. The meaning is, that I and my self are all one, and please your Holiness, and this sense-seeking Priest hath abus'd us both.

Pope. If we must do you Right, then speak more plain, I understand you not.

Mar. my own dear Second-self, the Wife of my Body here, and please you, this painted, juggling, self-pleasing

pleasing Epicurean Priest, hath seduc'd from the paths of Heaven and Vertue, supplied my place, in performing that Act that none but I should do: he hath exceeded the Rules of his Office, for he both Confess'd and Absolv'd her as she was lying: he hath likewise disfigur'd the curious Workmanship of Nature, for he hath made me, that was once a Man, and her Lord and Master, a Monster, worse than a Satyr, a deformed Beast of the Horned Crew. These honest Men, and please your Holiness, can bear Witness of what I say; for they saw all: Now I begg Justice upon both these Fryars (for the other was in the mean time as eagerly busie with my Maid *Isabella*) and that my Wife and my Maid may receive condign punishment.

Pope. I'll do you Justice, *Turbin* thou didst well, But prithee have a care of Marriage sins. To sin and have a Law to prove it just, A Law contriv'd and forg'd by sinful Man, To strain and force Nature that Gen'rous Mistress, I see no sin in what hath yet been told: Or if there be, 'tis less than Venial.

Mar. Oh Horrible! Nay then I see what redress I shall have. [Aside.]

Pope. Keep single *Turbin*, and obey the Church, Or else Perdition shall pursue thee close. Lie with what Women may your fancy please, That's greater honesty than is a Wife:

To have a Wife's a sin too great for Pardon.
Marforio your Wife is ne'r the worse,

H.

For

Rome's FALL TO

For so devout and glorious an Embrace,
For he hath shown her now Celestial Joys,
And learn'd her to be wise and holy too,
So I command you, take her with you home,
Be kind to her and to this Reverend Priest,
Give him admittance too, when e're he please
To come to her Confession any more,
Marforio be sure you do our will.
The Inquisition else shall make you bend.
Now you unto your Convent may retire,
To live secure, warm'd with Religious Fire.
Mar. I obey and please your Holiness in all.
Come Honey, come I love thee well enough tho still:
But 'tis because I dare not say otherwise. *[Aside.]*

*[Exeunt Omnes but the Pope, Odcroff the Jesuit,
the Bishop, Cardinal, Guards and Attendants, &c.]*

Pope. Come *Odcroff* is the Conjurat[i]on fix'd,
For I must know what those good Fathers did
For th' Honour of the Church, and us Popes.
How 'twas they made themselves and us thus great.
What Ceremonies they patch'd together,
To paint and gild our Images and Shrines.
I'd likewise know the utmost of our Fate,
How kind Heav'n is to us, our Church and State.
I've Faith enough to think they can do more,

Than

Or, The Amorous Flyars.

Than the poor Star gazer could do before,
Yet he hath had his Loan

Od. ———— Sir your commands,
I'm ready to perform with utmost Skill,
The Charm is wound up to its highest pitch.
Great Sir you may command when they appear
What things you'd see, or what it is you'd hear.

Pope. Haste then unto performance——

*[Makes Marks on the ground with
a White Wan.*

Oder. ———— Sir I shall
And thus I first begin to do your will.
Ye Fleeting Shades that whisk about the Air,
From East and West, from North and South repair
Through Icy Poles, thick Fogs, and Silver Light,
And pass the Twinkling Orb o'th milky white.
Let every Planet cheerfully Combine
To Favour your swift pace and our Design,
With Sextiles Smiles, and with a pleasing Trine.
Exalt no Star above his fame and worth,
Banish the Dragons Tail beneath the Earth.
From all bad Aspects let us too be free,
And ye o'th Fiery Triplicity.
Sordo, Heroth, Ventiloth and Ardo,
Your *Cacademons* send with power below.
From the Four Regions, let 'um forthwith flie,
And fiercely penetrate the yielding Skye.

Let 'um in no affrighting Shapes appear,
But yield such Forms as may beget no fear.
Four Pristine Monarchs of the Papal Throne,
I summon to appear each with his Crown,
And by this Wan command ye to fulfil,
In all respects our Holy Fathers Will. [Makes a Cir-
Move not beyond this Geomantick Trace, cle just by the
Your power reacheth not beyond this space. Pope.]
Appear, appear now, without more delay,
And to his Holiness your duties pay.

*A Flash of Lightning from behind the Scenes,
then appears on one side of the Stage the
Ghost of Pope Clement the First, and Bo-
niface the Eighth, and on the other side, the
Ghost of Pope Gregory the Third, and Inno-
cent the Third.*

Clem. Great Mortal God, we're come to do thy Will.
We once became that Seat as well as thee,
And did those things as might become a Pope.
Clement the First, they call'd me when I sway'd,
And had that God-like power thou hast now.
I first ordain'd that Crowns should subject be
To Rome's great Church, and own no Head but me.
In Temporal and Spiritual degree.

Pope. 'Twas a brave Constitution, now worn old:
As we are great, 'tis fit we should be bold.
But who are you pray? — — —

Bon

Bon. ~~Now~~ *Boniface* the Eighth.
 I in a Solemn Festival appear'd;
 In Glittering Pomp, as did my Grandeur sute.
 Th' amazed Multitude upon me gaz'd,
 As on some God drop't from his Christal Heav'ns
 The Mortals did me on their Shoulders bear,
 When I did beam my Blessing on them all,
 Which by my Fingers Motion they perceiv'd.
 The next day in Imperial Robes being deck'd,
 By my command I had before me bore
 A Naked Sword, the Mule of's Rider proud,
 Mov'd on in State, while I did loudly cry,
 See here Two Swords, and Lord of all the World
 As well in Spiritual as Temp'ral things.
 I am that mighty Pope, of whom Men say
 I like Lyon liv'd; and Fox bore sway:
 And like a Dog my life consum'd away.

Pope. All your Successors have obliged been
 For th' pious care you took to make 'um great.

Grego. Now give an Ear, and mark what I'm to say,
 I am call'd Gregory of that Name the Third:
 I made a Law that Images should be
 In Churches not for Lay-mens Books alone,
 But that Men should 'um honour and adore
 With greater Reverence than they did before.
 When I it lawful thought, all knew 'twas just
 For all to sin are subject, except Popes:
 And whosoever did 'gainst this Law offend,
 Was for an Heretick forthwith condemn'd.

Inno.

Inno. Now he hath spoke, pray Brother Pope hear me!
I'm *Innocent* the Third, an harmless Name,
'Twas I brought in Auricular Confession
What Godly Plots have by that Art been made
To ruin and destroy poor Maiden Heads?
Besides I with Eight hundred Fryers and more,
O'th' Romish Clergy first devis'd and made
The senseless knack Transubstantiation call'd.
Never no Pope was look'd upon as Wife,
That did not some gay thing for'th Church devise,
Which like a Sun-beam dazzles peoples Eyes. (more)

Pope. Thou hast done well; but now I would know
How long shall *Rome's* Head and Religion live?
Speak boldly, let me know my utmost Fate.

A Voice from behind the Scene.

Voice. That task is mine, and none but I must do't.
Thy empty Glory's shortly shall decay:
A Star shall rise, whose Golden conquering Light,
Shall thy puff'd Luciferial Pride benight.

Od. Who e'r thou art, the Charm reach'd not to thee.
Begon I say, or else thy misery,
Shall be greater.

Voice. ——— Foolish Conjuror,
'Tis more than thou canst do, and the mighty Charm
extends to me sooner then unto those most Canonized,
Tyrannizing Fops.

[Enter

Or, *The Amorous Bayars.*

55

Enter the Ghost of Pope Joan in long dishevel'd hair like an Amazon.

P. Joan. I am Pope *Joan* ye Scoundrel Ragamuffins and pamper'd Swine, and ye have blotted me out of your Kallender with a murrain to you, as if you were asham'd to own a Woman Popes Infallibility. I'd have you to know for all that, you Religious Baboons ye, that I was as Infallible as the best of you: I was Infallibly made Pope by my great parts and learning in which capacity I remain'd Two years, a month, and four days; I afterwards was infallibly got with child by my private Gallant, and I was infallibly deliver'd in the Street of a fine Boy, when we both died: and ye forsooth are now so pamper'd up with your Pride, that you have wilfully forgot me; nay your Holiness have ever since been ashamed to pass through that Street wherein I was deliver'd; and moreover you have endeavour'd to perswade people that my Story was a Fable, tho' *Platina* and some others of your old Friends and Cronies, have notwithstanding done me Justice and told truth.

Pope. Ghost th' art impudent to disgrace us thus.
Thy presence needless is.

Adv. Therefore be gone.

Pope Jo. I will not, must not, cannot, till I've spoke
My mind at large, ye fine Bauble-makers:
Your Trade is gulling, and your care is raking.

Without

Without a Sale of Purgatorian Souls,
 Your Tripple Crowns would never shine so bright,
 Princes you make your Culleys: *Bonifare*
 The Eighth, that precious Ghost that's here,
 He proudly writ to *Philip King of France*,
 That he must be acknowledg'd Lord of all,
 Temporal, as well as Spiritual:
 And that therefore he ought to have receiv'd
 His Kingdom *France* from his most holy hand,
 Which since he had not done, the Monster Pope,
 Did most unjustly Excommunicate
 The mighty King, whose ill Fate I deplore,
 And gave his Crown to *Albert th' Emperor*.
Bon. 'Twas holy Zeal that prompted me un-
 o it.
Pope Jo. No 'twas Pride and Int'rest made you do it.
 And pray how have you all employ'd your time,
 When you liv'd i'th' World, but in contriving
 Such Fooleries as would make sorrow her self smile.
 Some of you have spent your times in introducing
 The Adoration of the Crofs, commanding Prayers for
 the Dead, forbidding Marriage to the Clergy, Blessing
 some Medal, forbidding the Eating of Flesh in Lent,
 commanding Lamps to be burnt in Churches, placing
 among the number of Saints, Men better qualified
 for Devils; permitting Hermitages in Forrests, that un-
 der that pretence Travellers may be more securely
 Rob'd: Ordaining the Relicks of Saints to be Kiss'd and
 Ador'd, appointing Set Forms of Conjuring Devils,
 commanding Incense to be offer'd to Images, granting
 Tem-

Temporal and perpetual Indulgences, and thus the whole Course of your Lives is inventing of Toys and Fooleries, to cheat and gull the world with.

But now the World will learn to be more wise,
And not be Chous'd with Romish Fopperies.

Oder. Thy restless Clack, I think will ne're have done,
Thou'rt a true Womans Ghost, yet will't be gone.

Pope Jo. No still, I've something more to say to you.
Our Church is on such weak Foundations laid,
As long it cannot stand.

'Tis built on Medals, and on Cowls of Monks,
Nuns-hoods, and Censers, Disciplining Whips,
Chains, Cords full of knots, and Images,
Bonnets of various Colours, Sandals, Cloggs,
Pantoffles, and Miters Pontifical,
Cardinals Hats, Vails Hypocritical,
Green Hats, and Girdles, Bulls, Relicks of Saints,
Sophistry, and Books of Controverfie.
All these, and many more, which I could name,
Are the great Props uphold the mighty Frame.
It stands but shiv'ring, and a solid Gale
From *Albion*, will make proud *Rome* bewail.

[*Exit Pope Joan.*

Clem. We have almost our time out-staid;
They wait for us beneath, among the Shades:
Say, mighty Negromancer, shall we go?

I

Oder.

Rome's Pollies, &c.

Devil. You shall, but first his Holiness divert
With some Infernal Dance.

Gre. Well obey,

*A Flash of Lightning, then Enters
Four Devils, who dance an Antick,
then Exeunt with the Popes.*

Pope. It is no matter what the World doth know,
Altho this Ghost hath told us of our own,
Still we will be (as doth become us) Great,
And Valiantly contemn both Heav'n and Hell.
By Turkish Policy we'll still support
The trembling Fabrick of the Romane State.
The weak and foolish Hereticks I defie:
My God-like power ne're shall know decay,
The World no other Deity shall obey,
And since I thus my claim to th' World make clear,
I will maintain it, tho it cost me dear.

Exeunt Omnes.

Exit Pope Joan.

THE

THE EPILOGUE

To be spoke by Florimel.

G Allants with eager haste I'm to you come,
to know what rugged and ill favour'd Doom
you've giv'n the Poet, he knows what you'll say,
That 'tis a damn'd notorious Whiggish Play,
For some of ye are wise in Folly yet,
And know no more what's Whiggish, than what's Wit.
For your Religion, which may want a Name,
You'r so, because your Morber was the same.
And tho to please ye, we have now t'ane care,
We know ye better lik'd the Pope i'th Faire.
You'r Tory's Rampant, if as Whiggs you doe,
All those that can't Casple the Pope of Rome.
He takes your Damming to be far more worse,
Than the severest proudest Roman Curse.
Because I tell you so, now Damn him do,
With as much honour ye may save him too.
Be as indifferent for the Roman Cause,
As I was fervent to obey Loves Laws,
Be kind to Love with as much heat as I,
Then I dare swear you will not let him die.
Look not a squint upon my Holy Fryar,
Whose Zeal was Love, beightned with warm desire.

But

